

# HOW ONE MAN WAS INSPIRED.

Journal's Relief System Captured Mr. Orr, of Brooklyn.

FOUND JOY IN GIVING.

Like a Tiger That Tastes Blood, He Felt Charity's Spell.

MORE CONVERTS MADE.

Over Fifty Thousand of the Famine-Stricken Have Been Fed Up to Date.

REV. DR. RAINSFORD A VISITOR.

He Witnessed Many Pathetic Incidents and, with Other Philanthropists, Voiced Admiration of the Great Charity.

BILL OF FARE FOR TO-DAY.		
Barley Soup.	Herring.	Corned Beef.
Beef Steak.	Pork and Beans.	Bread.
Coffee.	Cheese.	

## JOURNAL FUND FOR RELIEF OF THE POOR.

PREVIOUSLY ACKNOWLEDGED.	\$3,555.75
AS A REMEMBRANCE OF THE DEATH OF A MOTHER.	10.00
CARRIERS AND CLERKS OF STATION F., NEW YORK POST OFFICE.	25.00
T. B. W.	5.00
IN HONOR OF ST. JOSEPH.	1.00
T. S. KRUGHER.	1.00
SOL. LEVY, BROOKLYN.	25.00
SAGERUSSELL.	10.00
E. D. BROOKLYN.	50.00
LES QUALITE BOWLING CLUB.	5.84
MARDO, NEW YORK CITY.	1.00
RUBINSON BROS., BROOKLYN.	5.00
TWO LITTLE GIRLS, NEW YORK CITY.	1.00
LOTTIE PLANKENHORN, BURLINGAME, PA.	1.00
FOR JOURNAL POOR, NEW YORK CITY.	1.00
A FRIEND TO THE POOR OF THE JOURNAL.	2.00
M. AND B., NEW YORK CITY.	50.00
JOSEPH M. COOPER.	5.00
ALEXANDER VETTER, LONG ISLAND CITY.	50.00
OTTLIE DURR, NEW YORK CITY.	10.00
TWO LITTLE BROOKLYN BOYS.	25.00
FOR THE NEEDY.	25.00
BREAD UPON THE WATERS.	2.00
CASH.	1.00
LEROY KING.	5.00
Total.	\$3,674.59

Mr. Orr, of Brooklyn, was the sensation of the relief depot yesterday. It is a pity that nothing can be told of him except that he is Mr. Orr, of Brooklyn, for he proved to be an exceedingly interesting individual.

He came in early, carrying a bundle. He did not appear to be the sort of man to whom the carrying of bundles is either customary or agreeable, and he was a little red about the temples over it. He looked along the line of ragged and shivering children and women who were waiting to fill their pails, and hastened to the counter with a rather startled look in his eyes.

"Here," he murmured, laying down his bundle. "It's for these people, don't you know."

"One moment, please," said one of the Journal's young men, as the stranger turned to escape. "What is in the bundle, and what is the name, please?"

"It's nothing—nothing," stammered he. "Just some clothes and things I didn't want. Maybe you can give them to some of these people."

"But to whom shall we credit the contribution?"

"No! no! Don't credit it at all! It's not worth while! My name's Orr, and I live over in Brooklyn; but don't credit anything to me. Hello! Look how red that little girl's feet are!"

Mr. Orr of Brooklyn studied the feet for

Mr. Orr, of Brooklyn, looked abstracted for a moment, and then started for the door again. Before reaching it he stopped suddenly and became lost in contemplation of a very old woman—just as hopeless and wretched an old person as could be found in a day's march. Her iron gray head was bare, for she had not even a shawl where-with to cover it.

The old woman became conscious of the visitor's scrutiny and looked up at him. On catching her eye he became embarrassed and fled. It was thought that the Orr incident was over, but before many pailfuls of soup and stew had been ladled out to the helpless nudged another, and lo! Mr. Orr, of Brooklyn, stalked in and up to the bareheaded old woman and thrust a bundle into her hand.

She tore it open with shaking fingers and unfolded a knitted woolen wrap of the gaudiest pink, with a fringe all round the border.

All she could say at first was "Whirrr!" which she repeated several times in quick succession. Then she wrapped the garment round her head and body, twisted her head round in an effort to see the effect behind, and broke forth into a torrent of thanks and blessings so fervent that Mr. Orr, of Brooklyn, took refuge behind the stove, where he pretended to be intent on warming his hands. He evidently deemed that some apology was in order for his strolled over to the counter again in an offhand way and remarked:

**Philanthropy Interests Him.**

"You fellows have quite a lot of work down here, don't you? It must be interesting—quite interesting. I've got to keep an appointment now, but it's interesting."

And Mr. Orr, of Brooklyn, faded away toward the door again, murmuring: "Interesting, very interesting!" as he went.

"I love sugar, don't you?" a ragged little girl with pail water for hair, a ragged little boy with a pitcher.

"You bet," said the ragged little girl. "I had some sugar before Christmas."

"I'm going to get some when I get me some," pursued the ragged little girl.

Mr. Orr, of Brooklyn, had not passed this time. He walked straight out, without turning his head to the right or left. But no one was greatly surprised when he reappeared soon afterward with a great paper bag through which the grease was showing. It proved to be filled to overflowing with such confectionery as is rampant on the East Side.

"Children like sweet things, you know," he said, with an abashed smile, as he laid the bag on the counter. "You don't mind, do you?"

After getting a few blocks away from the relief station she seemed to regain a particle of pride, and would slip into the alleyways and drink her soup instead of stopping in the street to drink as before. Now and then she stopped to dig into a garbage barrel for clean scraps and bits of coal, which she hid away in her apron. These trifling evidences of woe and poverty convinced her that she would be as worthy an object of my little bit of intended charity as a cold and so I approached her, and, tapping her shoulder, I pointed to her bare feet and put a bill into her hand. She was so astonished that she let the bill fall to the ground and stared at me like a statue.

**A Woman's Tears of Gratitude.**

I picked up the money and put it in her hand again. She had recovered by this time, and the tears rolled down her deeply furrowed cheeks as she thanked me with a breath a great much that passed by were attracted by it. She ran after me and fell on her knees in two

worthy of any assistance that could be given, and were especially in need of shoes. Their clothes were shabby and worn, and their feet literally on the ground. Each one of them will receive a pair of shoes to-day.

**The Rev. Madison C. Peters Calls.**

The Rev. Dr. Madison C. Peters came to inspect the kitchen when the crowd of applicants had somewhat thinned out. He was greatly moved by the looks of starvation and misery on the faces of many he encountered.

"There can be no question about the necessity of these poor creatures," said Dr. Peters. "What a pity it is that something cannot be done to lift them permanently out of this slough of despond."

A little later Dr. Rainsford called. He studied the faces of the people carefully. He questioned many of the women and



## Dr. Rainsford Watching the Throngs at the Journal's Depot

The eminent clergyman was an interested observer at the relief station. He readily saw the great good that was being done by the Journal to mitigate the sufferings of hundreds of worthy objects of charity. Dr. Rainsford commends the work. He talked with many of the women and children who came to get rations at the depot, and was convinced that in most cases they were persons who were in dire need.

or three inches of mud and snow, holding her arms up as if trying to embrace the Almighty God. She prayed in pure English the most profoundly pathetic prayer of thanks I have ever heard. A crowd quickly collected and lifted her to her feet, and after making around half a dozen circles, she started on a trot down the street. I kept behind her and followed. Several times she stopped to look at the money, and every time looked upward and said something no one heard but God.

I followed her to No. 235 Mulberry street, which is about two miles from the Journal's relief station. She had gone all this distance, with her bundle, for a drink of hot soup. By the time she reached home she had drunk half of the soup. No. 235 Mulberry street is one of the poorest of the city. Next to the street is an alleyway, or, more properly, a tunnel, and the tunnel is used by a crowd of people to walk through, running back to the rear of the stores to a new or wretched tenement building. This narrow, dark passage is the only opening to the streets from any direction. The rear of the houses being almost covered up by a large carriage factory.

In through this opening, over which might be written "Leave here, all ye who enter here," and into the bottom floor, which is a half basement, this old remnant of a past generation of the city came. I questioned another occupant of the house about her, and got the information that she "kept lodgers." For lodgers consisted of three women who shared her two or three rooms, enabling her to pay \$5 rent.

In regard to contributions of cast-off clothing I should like to make a suggestion. I have seen pretty good clothes that have been hanging in my closet ever so long, which are too good to throw away and not good enough for me to wear among those with whom I associate. I have spoken to several of my friends and find their cars very similar, and I believe there are thousands of good, useful garments rotting in the city because of the inconvenience of reaching them. Why not the Journal advocate a popular "club subscription of cast-off clothing" or some other thing, and any one who will give up a garment to be furnished with a badge from the Journal, and when the goods are taken to the depot let them send to the Journal a list of names and addresses so a wagon can be sent to the depot to pick up the goods?

**Bill of Fare Grows Larger.**

It was the fifth day since the opening of the Journal's depot. Besides the regular bill of fare there had been added, 800 fine fried herrings and 1,000 large, meaty potatoes well baked. These were bestowed where it was believed they would do the most good.

The total number fed in the course of the day was 4,476, and many more came after the first three days. The number actually fed during the five days closed 25,000 persons. The number actually fed during the five days closed 25,000 persons. The number actually fed during the five days closed 25,000 persons.

Many persons dropped in during the day to study the work, and all mark the change they had with them. They did not wish to be known, and refused to give their names, but said they could not see so much want without doing something to relieve it.

A motherly-looking woman, from Milwaukee, said she had called to see the kitchen, as she could not understand how such a large number of people were fed each day from this one place. She tasted the food and coffee and pronounced them first-class, and then remarked on the perfect cleanliness of the place and the food dealt out.

children, and some of the men. He saw the pinch of hunger stamped about their eyes and mouths—the lines of age graven by privation and care on the features of childhood—and he said, after a while, "It seems to be impossible to prevent a certain amount of this sort of thing in great cities, but there is a great deal more of it here than there ought to be. These people are miserably clad and are plainly suffering for want of nourishment. It is a gloomy sight!"

Little Peter Murphy, a boy of twelve, with his toes peeping out of his shoes, pushed his way through the crowd. "Say, mister," said he, after telling his name, "I'm not lookin' fer grub; I'm use' to gettin' along without grub; but I want a pair of shoes bad. I never did have a new pair. You see, me feet's froze."

Peter was provided with a pair of strong shoes and warm stockings and was not allowed to go away hungry. He was the happiest boy in Grand street.

Mr. Martin, of the firm of Martin, Harting & Keene, norwermen, of Brook-

lyn, called to inspect the work at an hour when a large crowd of applicants was being served. He watched the detachments of twenty file in, receive their supplies and depart without the slightest friction, and he said he had never seen a relief kitchen so well managed before.

Augustine Danesi, an Italian missionary from the Martini's Temple, said that many Italians were in greater distress than ever before, but that they could manage to get along if they had some flour. With flour they can prepare several whole-some dishes.

Many packages of clothing and other articles were received from persons who failed to give names or addresses. Those from Mrs. Schubert, of No. 305 East Twelfth street, and Mrs. Muller, of No. 507 Columbus avenue, were very useful and made several persons happy. Journal wagons will call at any address in the city for bundles if notice is sent to the Journal office.

Near the hour of closing a well dressed and refined woman came in. Her face was thin and pale and her eyes red from weeping. She said her husband was a painter, and had been laid up for several months through injuries received by falling from a building. She said she and her sick husband had not had a meal for over a week, and she actually seemed to be on the verge of starvation. She was supplied with a good package of groceries and money. She gave her name as Mrs. Herbert G. Stone, No. 2021 Amsterdam avenue, and said she would be glad to do any kind of honorable work that was offered.

Beginning to-day meals will be served at these hours:

Breakfast, 7 to 9 o'clock.  
Dinner, 11 to 1 o'clock.  
Supper, 3 to 5 o'clock.

## WORKHOUSE HIS REFUGE.

Stucker Asked to Be Arrested and Offered to Furnish the Police with a Reason for It.

Charles Stucker was committed to the workhouse in Essex Market Police Court yesterday. Magistrate Flammer sent him there at his own request.

Like hundreds of other unfortunate Stucker was unable to find employment. Desperate with cold and hunger, he ac-

costed Policeman Hackett, of the Fifth Street Station, early yesterday morning and asked to be locked up.

"Why should I lock you up?" asked the policeman.

"Simply because I am starving, and have no home," replied Stucker. "I can give you a good reason to arrest me if you want one. It isn't hard to break a window."

Hackett locked him up at the station house after giving him a breakfast.

## WANAMAKER'S

BROADWAY, FOURTH-AVE. NINTH & TENTH STS.

## PLEASING EVIDENCE

increases daily that we have the confidence of the shopping community of New York and the vicinage.

In the ordinary sense we do not advertise. We do print Store News. The difference is constantly more clearly understood.

Unworthy goods we do not advertise—none such come into our stock. Trifling and inconsequent lots find no mention in our merchandise reports.

Only ample quantities are noticed. The only prices we exploit are real and positive bargains.

Thus our Store News is good reading. You can believe it. The future of this business is secure so long as this standard is kept, and the public trust the statements made over the signature of our firm.

## WOMEN'S GLOVES

An important event. On sale this morning 3,600 pairs English Walking Gloves, that are the same as sold in the London market by the great exclusive Glove firms. The absence of an English trade-mark does no harm. They are of stout and stylish piece glaze, outseams, heavily embroidered in black and self colors, fastened with three clasps. The value to-day is SEVENTY-FIVE CENTS.

In London they would cost four shillings and six pence; in Paris, five francs and fifty centimes; in New York a dollar and a half—regular. Isn't it fine to discount London and Paris Glove prices?

**SUEDE EVENING GLOVES** in proper colors, 14-button length, \$1; 16-button length, \$1.25. Real kid—not lambskin—and therefore not to be confused with others now at the front. Positive cheapness—needs no further argument.

**MEN'S JOINTVILLE SCARFS**—a trophy of trade—1,200 Fancy Silk, at TWENTY-FIVE CENTS.

All this season's styles—have sold many of the same at One Dollar. They are fine. Don't despise their cheapness.

## OTHER ITEMS OF INTEREST

**DRESS GOODS**—Many fresh styles first shown to-day.

**WHITE FAIR**—Large additions of Muslin Underwear.

**MEN'S CLOTHING**—Plain Cheviot Suits, Twelve Dollars.

**BOYS' CLOTHING**—Fancy Cheviot Suits, \$5 and \$7.50. Bargains.

**WOMEN'S OVERCOATS**—At \$10, that were \$15 to \$25.

**BOOKS**—Long catalogue of standard works, at expiring prices.

**VALENTINES**—Beautiful, amusing, sentimental, cheap.

**CANDY**—Chocolate covered Peanuts, 20c a pound.



a moment in obvious wonderment, and then shook himself together and made for the door again. He conveyed the impressions of a practical man with a soft-hearted wife, who had laden him with the bundle and the commission much against his inclination.

"I'm going to see if they can't give me a pair of shoes," piped a shrill voice. It was the little girl whose feet had attracted the attention of Mr. Orr, of Brooklyn. She was standing in line near the door, taking a tattered old woman into her confidence. Mr. Orr, of Brooklyn, stopped again, eyed her all over and then departed in a rush.

**Mr. Orr, of Brooklyn, Reappears.**

A few minutes later he reappeared, greatly to everybody's surprise, and brought a small package to the counter.

"It's shoes," he said apologetically, pointing to the girl with the red feet, who had almost reached the counter by that time. "They're for her. I must go now. Good morning. Oh, by the way, I didn't know her size, so I got two pairs—different sizes, you know. Maybe some one else would like the odd pair. Fine day, isn't it?"

experience to you for publication. Some who may not be thorough convinced the terrible condition of the poor of the city, and who have opportunity to do so personally as I did, to convince themselves, and to be kind to some thing more of the crying need for the contribution they have been hesitating over, as I hesitated.

The Journal has already described the scenes around the relief station. In the weak manner myself to one case in particular. This case was of an old woman of about seventy years of age who came with the throng to get a pail of soup and a basket of old clothes. She was clothed in a ragged old dress and calico, with a shawl clutched at in a vain effort to make it cover her. On her head she had a piece of old hair. On her feet what had been shoes, but which were now left her ragged stockings showing in the mud and snow.

After being supplied with some clothing and a gallon pail of soup, she came out of the station and started away, and I followed her. She stopped six times within two blocks and drank greedily of the soup, munching in German all the while. She was so exhausted that she could not go around persons hurrying along the river, and several times she collided with them to their disgust, but she seemed to take it as a matter of course, and resumed her way. At seven o'clock, when the relief station was closed, she came back, and found that she could walk a public street and that she was in comfortable and luxurious circumstances without attracting their attention, but such was the case.

George G. Benjamin,  
Broadway, Cor. 26th St.